

KENTUCKY IRISH AMERICAN.

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RIORDAN'S

Graphic Description of the Battles Fought in the Philippines.

Five Louisville Boys Together and They Had a Gay Old Time.

Our Soldiers Cheerful Under the Greatest Dangers and Hardships.

THE SPANIARDS WERE VERY BRAVE

While the telegraph and letters furnish a great deal of news concerning our soldiers in Cuba very little is heard as to those who are at Manila, probably because of the long distance and the time it takes letters to reach here.

Mr. T. J. Riordan, formerly of Louisville and well known in Irish-American circles, is now in the Philippines, being a member of Company A, Eighteenth Infantry. From Military Station 1, near Manila, he writes a very interesting letter to Mr. John Dolan, of this city, giving a most graphic description of the situation at the time of writing. The letter is written from Military Station 1, Philippines, under date of August 23, and contains so much news not heretofore made public that we give it in full. The letter is as follows, being addressed to Mr. John Dolan:

DEAR JOHN—I just heard that a boat was going back to the United States today and would take the mail back with it, so I thought I would write you a few lines, hoping to find you enjoying good health as this leaves me at present, thank God. Well, old man, we had a hot time in this old town on the 13th, just ten days ago. We also had a hot time on the night of the 6th. It was a little tough, but we got the upper hand in about an hour and a half; but it was fighting for awhile—cannon roaring, shells bursting, rifles cracking and bullets whistling on all sides. When they attacked us it was in the dark of night and about 10 o'clock, for the Spaniards did not have nerve enough to come out in daytime and make a good, square fight and be whipped. Our trenches and the Spaniards' were about 500 yards apart, so close that we could see them working on their breastworks; but our officers would not let us fire on them, and every time they would see a head in our trenches you would hear the crack of a Mauser and the whirr of a bullet as it would go by over our heads. One of our fellows put his hat on a pole, stuck it up in the air, and a storm of bullets passed through it and cut the pole. He would not take \$1,000 for that hat now. He says it is a good relic and he will keep it. On the night of the 6th when the fight was over it took the Spaniards an hour and a half to carry away the dead and wounded. The last report we heard was that the Spaniards lost from 200 to 400 men that night; but, I tell you, they were game, for they charged our trenches three times, only to be driven back by our rifles and cannon. But still they came back and made an attack in two columns on what they thought was a weak spot in our trenches, and here is where we slaughtered them. They fell back in confusion. A few more volleys into them as they went put a stop to their fighting for seven days. On Friday night, August 12, just after supper, we got orders to fill our canteens with water or coffee, but I took the water; we also got two days' grub—hardtack and bacon, fried. On the morning of the 13th the bugle called us up at 4:30. We took breakfast and got ready, packed up everything and left them in our tents, with a guard over them. We started out for the front at 6:30, with battle-flags waving and the bands playing the Star Spangled Banner, and to suit the whole business and make it look more like war the rain came down in torrents for about two hours. We had to wade through mud and water knee deep and sometimes up to our waists, but we kept on going, singing and whistling. There were five of us Louisville boys together and we had a gay old time. Well, we arrived at the trenches about 10,000 strong and were all in our places by 8 o'clock. We had an hour to rest and dry up. About 9 o'clock I got up and was rubbing over at the Spanish trenches when the roar of a cannon from the Spanish forts made me and others drop to our knees and grasp our guns quicker than it will ever be done again. The battle was started then for sure. The shells and bullets were flying over our heads for far too long. One shell was so close that it cut the branches off a bamboo tree over our heads, and many a face turned pale, but it was changed in a second to joking and cursing. You would think the fellows were wrangling over a game of cards. It got so after awhile you could not hear anything but the roar of cannon and the cracking of rifles and the bursting of shells from Dewey's fleet as they would hit the Spanish fort. The rattling of the rapid-fire guns was something terrible. It eased up a little and the order to advance was given; there was a mighty cheer and a rush over the trenches, and when we got in the opening we could see that the fort and gun that were causing us so much trouble were captured and the American flag flying from the top. Everybody was wild for awhile. We ad-

vanced in skirmish line, and, I tell you, the bushes were full of Spaniards, for the bullets flew thick and fast. We turned into an open rice field—not a bit of shelter there to hide us from the bullets. Directly there came a volley from the Spaniards, and we all laid in this rice field, water covering us all over and nothing but our heads could be seen. We got orders to fire two volleys and charge the trenches. We did, and when we got there there was no Spaniard to be seen but some dead and dying ones. I tell you, John, what I saw I never will forget. I saw, as I stepped down from the top of the trenches, a Spanish officer with his head and shoulders blown completely away and blood and legs and arms scattered all around. One fellow laid on a stretcher with a bullet through his throat; the other Spaniards left him in their hurry to get away. He died before we left. We formed into sets of fours and got into line of column and started to march for the city and forts on the inside. We divided; the volunteers went in through the right of the city and others went along the beach to the left and by the guns of the Spanish forts under cover of Dewey's ships, and we, the Eighteenth, took the center and did not go very far, for a shower of bullets passed around us. We laid low for awhile and started again; we reached the walls in about twenty minutes. Such cheering and shouting you never heard in all your life, for on a flagstaff on the fort fronting the bay was a white flag and Manila had surrendered all the arms, big guns, Government property, and all the Spanish army and officers are prisoners of war and disarmed, but the officers are allowed their swords and are on parole. Some of the Spanish soldiers say they lost 250 killed and wounded, but I guess it is three or four times that much.

I think I have said enough for the present. Only one thing, we are all policemen now instead of soldiers in the city. Send me the Kentucky Irish American and some other Louisville newspaper if it won't be too much trouble. I will do as much for you when I get back. I would have given \$1,000 if you had been here to see the bombardment by Dewey's ships. Give my kindest regards to all the boys. We may be back by Christmas. There are all kinds of rumors here. Some say we will be stationed at Honolulu. I would like it very well, for it is a fine place. I remain truly yours,

T. J. RIORDAN,
Company A, Eighteenth Infantry, Military Station 1, Philippines.

DAVID HANNON.

Another of Our Brave Soldier Boys Dies from Fever Contracted at Montauk.

The remains of David Hannon, who died in the hospital at Philadelphia, arrived in the city Wednesday and were taken to the residence of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Hannon, on State street, from where the funeral took place Thursday morning. Solemn high mass was celebrated at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, with Rev. Father Melody, uncle of the deceased, as celebrant; Rev. Father Lynch, of the Cathedral, as deacon; Rev. A. Stroebel, of St. Mary's, as sub-deacon, and Rev. Father O'Sullivan as master of ceremonies.

Rev. Father Lynch delivered an eloquent and touching funeral discourse, dwelling at length on the many fine qualities of the deceased, who was a most exemplary young man, who devoted his leisure hours to reading and mental improvement and performing good deeds, and paid a glowing tribute to the bravery and patriotism of the soldier.

The coffin was wrapped in the stars and stripes, and the remains were followed to St. Louis cemetery by a large number of mourning friends.

David Hannon was born and raised in this city, and about three months ago enlisted in the regular army. From here he was sent to Camp Wikoff, at Montauk Point, where he was stricken with typhoid fever. From the camp he was taken to Philadelphia and placed in a hospital, from where a telegram was sent last Sunday night announcing his serious illness. This was followed by a dispatch Monday night conveying the sad news of his death. The deceased was only in his twenty-fourth year, and his untimely death is mourned by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and the bereaved father and mother have the sympathy of the community in the loss of their brave soldier boy.

INTEREST INCREASING.

The interest in the coming fair for the benefit of St. Brigid's church, on Hepburn avenue, continues to increase. One thing especially, that is arousing a great deal of interest is the contest for a beautiful gold watch by a goodly number of young ladies. Each candidate wants to win, and yet one only can win, for the young lady who on the last night of the fair will have sold the greatest number of tickets, or who will hand in the most money, will receive the watch. Messrs. Frank A. Menne, Rudolph C. Wagner and Gerard Alexander—all well-known and honorable gentlemen—have been chosen to act both as accountants and judges in the case of the contest for the watch.

In our notice of the fair last week we neglected to state that the young ladies of the congregation contemplate having a most interesting fish pond, and that it will be under the immediate control of Misses Emma Stey and Nellie Barlett. This news will be welcomed, especially by the children.

Support the Kentucky Irish American.

OSCAR TURNER

The Democratic Nominee For Congress Gaining Strength.

His Nomination a Compliment to the Progressive Young Democracy.

Has Always Stood by the Candidates and Principles of His Party.

STANDS HIGH AMONG THE LAWYERS

With this issue we present to our readers the portrait of the Democratic candidate for Congress from the Louisville district, Hon. Oscar Turner, nominated at the late Democratic convention by an almost unanimous vote. Now that the Campaign Committee has been named, Mr. Turner will put into effect arrange-

ments for making an active and most thorough canvass of the district. To our reporter he said that he is perfectly satisfied with the situation as it at present exists, and believes that were the election to take place now, his majority could not fall below 7,000, and there is no reason why this majority can not be increased to at least 10,000 by November. He also stated that he will not only receive the entire Democratic vote, but many prominent and influential Republicans have tendered him their support.

That Mr. Turner will prove an able and representative member of Congress there can be no doubt. Concerning his ability and qualifications for the position, no higher tribute could be paid than the following, which appeared recently in the New Era of this city:

Mr. Turner is a sterling young Democrat, and his nomination is a victory for the young Democracy of the city and county. From a personal and political standpoint no better nomination could have been made. Mr. Turner is a lawyer by profession and has been engaged in the practice of law for several years. He ranks among the ablest members of the Louisville bar, and long ago attained a standing in the courts and among his fellow practitioners of which many an older practitioner might well be envious. He has been a profound student of the law since early youth and his ample knowledge and aptness of research have won him substantial victories in a number of hard-fought legal battles. Though modest in demeanor and studious of habit, he has acquired a large circle of friends and he is best esteemed by those who have known him longest and most intimately. These many friends know him to be a man of firm convictions, of scrupulous integrity, faithful to his friends, true to his principles and honest and just in all the transactions of life. Though fixed in his opinions, he is not intolerant, and he numbers among his friends men of all shades of political belief, many of whom, regardless of party, will support him at the polls in November. From a Democratic standpoint Mr. Turner's record is all that could be asked by the most exacting party man. A Democrat from his cradle, he has never turned a deaf ear to the call of his party, but has ever been found battling in the front ranks for its principles and its nominees. In the trying times of 1896, when it seemed as if the very life of the Democratic party was threatened by foes within as well as by enemies without, Mr. Turner was one of

MENLO PARK

Presented to the University of California by Jennie Flood.

Given in Honor of Her Father's Memory—Noble Disposition of Wealth.

How Flood and Mackay Accumulated Their Enormous Fortunes.

ROMANCE ABOUT YOUNG GRANT.

California's resplendent sun shines even brighter since Jennie Flood has given three millions to the University of the Golden State. It is a gift worthy of a princess. It is a tribute to the memory of her father, the millionaire whose life ambition was to endow some great institution with a fortune, says the New York

the best English and French designs. The hardwood floors and the interior splendor of the finish of the dwelling are a matter of fame. Like most of the California houses, it was constructed with a view of resisting injury by earthquakes. The outside is of wood resting on stone foundations.

One of Miss Flood's requirements is that the University Regents shall always keep the house in good repair and paint it white, its original color. Her wish is that it may appear at least for fifty years exactly as it was when her parents resided within that domestic sanctuary. To every request by Miss Flood the Regents reiterated their desire to comply in spirit and letter.

Just what use the Regents will put the mansion to has not been determined, but Miss Flood is to be consulted during her lifetime on all questions. The house is arranged for a summer or winter school and for scientific gatherings of various kinds. It will be a country home for the students of the Berkeley Institution.

It is cheering to state that this magnificent place is self-supporting. The water company stock alone, which is included in the property, yields an annual income of \$8,000. It is thought that the Regents will retain the stock, only selling the outlying lands and judiciously investing the money for the benefit of the university. The interest will be used without drawing on the principal.

One peculiar feature in connection with Miss Flood's gift is that this property is in the neighborhood of Stanford University. Miss Flood and Mrs. Leland Stanford are the best of friends, yet that she should rear a rival of the university founded by the late Senator Stanford and fostered by Mrs. Stanford creates no little surprise.

The generally accepted theory is that Jennie Flood desired her home to become a distinctive monument to the memory of her parents, not to be overshadowed by the fame and magnificence of Senator Stanford's great institution at Palo Alto. A portion of the land adjoining the Flood estate at Menlo Park is owned by John W. Mackay, and it is said he may also contribute the property to the State University so handsomely endowed by Miss Flood.

Miss Flood's gift was unexpected. None of the Regents dreamed of receiving millions for the university. It needed money and new blood, while the Stanford University seemed to be having everything its own way, with the millions of the Stanford estate contributing from time to time to funds already large.

Miss Flood is a modest, quiet woman, very sincere and thoughtful, like her father, whose ability as a financier was the beginning of the vast fortune which arose to Alpine heights when John W. Mackay came into the firm with his colossal scheme of developing the bonanza mines of the Comstock district.

When James C. Flood died in Germany, in February, 1889, flags were displayed at half-mast on the principal business houses in San Francisco. His estate was valued at \$10,000,000. The wonderful story, rivaling the fictions of the Arabian Nights, has often been narrated, yet it is ever fresh and new.

It has been told how James C. Flood, a New York boy, went to California in the forties, and, with William S. O'Brien, opened a little refreshment place in San Francisco called "The Auction Lunch." It soon became a famous place for miners. "Tips" and news of importance could be picked up there almost any day by those on the "inside."

Mr. Flood, a business man by nature, a good listener, silent, absorbing and industrious, soon possessed mining information of value, and quietly bought shares of stock and interests in mines in a small way with his limited capital, and the firm began making money. Presently it was whispered that Flood and O'Brien were growing rich.

In 1864 John W. Mackay, a practical miner, who used to work in a shipyard in New York and went to the Pacific coast a poor boy to take his chances with the rest of the heroes of '49, entered the combination. Flood and O'Brien's partner, Walker, retired, and Mr. Mackay, known as "Honest John," and who had become an expert miner in the mountains of Nevada, earnestly advocated the claims of the Virginia City region. He had studied the Nevada rocks and knew what he was talking about. His advice was followed. In six years they took out nearly \$200,000,000 in bullion. Mr. Mackay's judgment and wisdom were marvelously vindicated.

Mr. Flood was a natural financier. He saw still more wealth ahead. He projected the Nevada Bank, which became one of the institutions of San Francisco, with a paid up capital of \$10,000,000.

In 1879 it was reported that Mr. Flood had retired from the stock market. In 1880 it was reported that he was about to settle in New York, that he had sold his share in the Bonanza mines to Mr. Mackay. In that same year he commenced building the Flood mansion of dark-brown stone, on Knob Hill, San Francisco. It stands there today, overlooking the bay and the blue waters of the Golden Gate, like an Italian palace towering on a mountain side. The city stretches away on every hand, covering what were brown desolate hills when Flood and O'Brien, in '49, first began business in their little corner grocery store down by the water front.

While millions came to them from the mountains, fortunes vanished at the bank. The great wheat deal of 1889 involved a loss of millions, and but for Mr. Mackay's speedy return from Europe, some extraordinarily sagacious financiering and the veteran millionaires acting as one man, the losses would have overwhelmed the firm. It is said that a \$20-

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STATE GUARD.

Friendly Feeling Between Gov. Bradley and Col. Gaither.

Attorney General Taylor Sure of the Republican gubernatorial Nomination.

Frankfort Is Now the Driest Town in the Entire State on Sundays.

CAPITAL CITY NEWS AND GOSSIP

[SPECIAL LETTER.]

The report that there were strained relations between Gov. Bradley and Col. Gaither caused a big sensation early this week, but upon investigation it was found that there was no truth whatever in the report. Gov. Bradley says all talk of coolness is absolutely unfounded. The Governor further said: "I am reorganizing the State Guard, and of course I can not wait until the regiments now in the volunteer service shall be mustered out in order to reinstate them in their old places in the State Guard service."

The Governor declined to be present at the opening of the Fifth district Republican rally in Louisville Saturday night.

Col. Patrick Heeney, of Covington, Tenn., arrived from a three months' tour of Ireland last Friday. On his return trip Col. Heeney stopped over in the national capital long enough to persuade an old sweetheart of his to become Mrs. Heeney, and they left for Frankfort, where they are now the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Heeney, on the South Side. Col. Heeney was much pleased with his trip, notwithstanding the fact that the weather in the old country was exceedingly bad. He says that crops are good and the majority of the people happy. Mr. and Mrs. Heeney left Thursday for Covington, Tenn., where they will make their future home, carrying with them the best wishes of their most of friends in this city.

Owing to delay in making repairs on the new A. O. H. Hall in this city, the "smoker" was postponed one week and will be given Thursday, October 6th. Several impromptu speeches will be upon the programme and a general good time guaranteed every one.

The Golden Hour Club, one of the oldest social organizations in the city, will open the social season of 1898-99 with a grand hop about October 15th. The many young lady friends of the Golden Hour Club will be glad to hear that they will give several delightful entertainments during the winter months at the new A. O. H. Hall.

Brother John R. Sower has purchased a new buggy and will hereafter treat his best girl to a buggy ride every Sunday. Speaking of flowers, John says "The Rose is my favorite, and in my opinion is the fairest and most beautiful flower that ever grew."

It may be of interest to the many readers of the Kentucky Irish American to know that one of the present State officials will be spared from being side-tracked by the Republican slate-makers in Frankfort. The lucky man is Attorney General Taylor, who is slated as a sure shot for the gubernatorial nomination. Auditor Stone has discovered that he is not on the Hunter slate and that Treasurer Long is also ineligible to reelection, and both will drop quietly back into private life. Commissioner of Agriculture Moore can not win for Treasurer because he is a Bradley supporter. Secretary of State Finley will also quit politics, temporarily at least. The remainder of the officials and employees being nearly all Bradley supporters, will also have to "walk the plank" in '99.

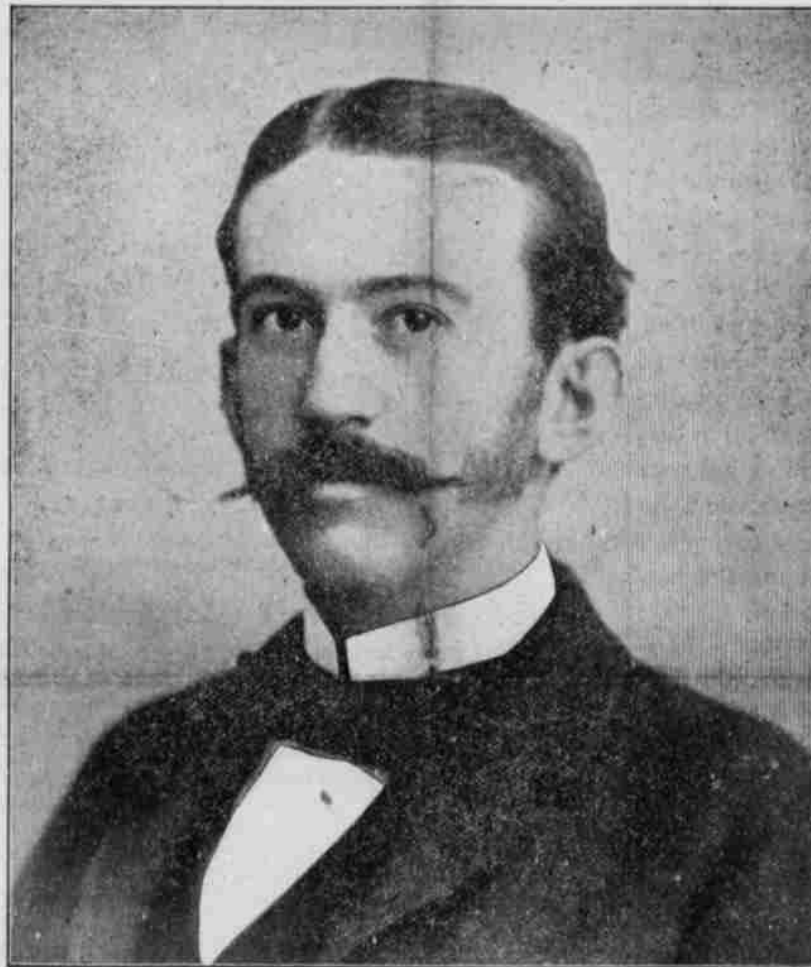
Frankfort on Sunday is now the "driest" town in the State. Every merchant is required to keep closed all day Sunday under penalty of paying \$50 fine. Mayor Dehoney and the entire day and night police force patrolled the streets last Sunday and saw that the law was enforced. The reform was caused by the late grand jury's roast of city officials for letting saloons and gambling houses run wide open on Sunday.

When the late shakedown at the Kentucky penitentiary in this city took place several prominent Irish Americans secured responsible positions with the State, among whom were Col. Ed McGrath, deputy warden; Col. John Hunt, foreman chain factory; Dr. H. L. Tobin, prison physician; Messrs. Meagher, J. T. Larken, Thomas G. Newman, Cassidy, Punch, Tobin, Noonan and several others. It goes without saying that they will discharge their duties with credit to themselves and the State.

Several train loads of Western troops passed through Frankfort the past few days. They were on their way to Camp Hamilton, Lexington, where they will remain until ordered to Havana, about November 1st.

C. K. AND L. A.

Branch No. 2, of the Catholic Knights and Ladies of America has decided to celebrate its eighth anniversary on the evening of November 6. Committees have been appointed to make all the necessary arrangements, and the programme will be announced in these columns as over 400 members a lively time may be looked for.



HON. OSCAR TURNER.